

And oft, poor fool, she totally did pray
 Withouten ceasing, utter the whole
 throughout
 To th'admiration of the gazing rout,
 I cannot deem it now gulling toy
 Which VENNARD (inspired!) entitled
England's Joy;
 I rather guess he did our good divine,
 Nor daring to disclose 't before full time.
 Be bold ! go on! Now's thy presaging
 plain !
 King JAMES is *England's Joy*, long hoped for
 gain*
 That it is he, who cannot easily prove!
 Sith it is only he, we only love.
 'Tis he that *England's Joy* did first awake,
 After sad sorrowing for ELIZA'S sake.
 Then reck no clownish frumps ! regard
 them nought!
 Banish such fooleries from thy purer
 thought!
 We know the fruit sprung from
 foreknowing pen,
 " King JAMES is *England's Joy* ! " Say all "
 Amen !^{f?}
 Tokens of *England's Joy*, who list to seek
 That night might find strawed in London
 street,
 Making the night, a day; Phoebe, a sun,
 This was the first sign when our *Joy*
 began :
 Continued still t'England's eternal good,
 In the happy issue of your royal blood.
 Make haste to make us happy, worthy
 King !
 Our Muse desires to write th'enthronizing
 At famous Westminster, in thy Elders'
 Chair;
 Where England's peers will yield our
 Crown to th'heir,
 To th'heir legitimate, yourself, dread
 Sovereign!
 Wishing your happy and victorious reign.
 Besides a Trine of Kingdoms are your own
 Possess them all! possessing England's
 crown,
 France, and froward Ireland, with our
 English land,
 Are feal subjects to your royal hand.
 Besides, your sacred Self doth bring with
 you,